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San Francisco, Cal. Consultations strictly confidential, by letter, or at office, FREE there anything—what can be the matter with that tooth?" For the convenience of patients and in order to insure perfect secrecy, I have adopted a pri-vate address under which all packages are for-The implacable little doctor looked

Trial Bottle Free. NOTICE.—I will send a trial bottle of the Rejuvenator—sufficient to show its merit free of charge, to any one afflicted, applying by letter, stating his symptoms and age. Com-munications strictly confidential. thing more done at this time. "As you please," returned the doctor, with an air of displeasure.

"Why, of course," I added nervously,
"I shall do whatever you say, but I—er—do you think there is any pressing bility of waiting, sir!" replied the doctor with an air that need not be described, "Go on!" I said with a groan, as I

Lying thus supinely, while he with main strength honeycombed another splendid grinder, I bethought me of a new tack, and so, taking advantage of the next breathing spell, I began;

I submitted myself to two or three

I went home that night with a sense

my heart's core by saying, coolly:
"Oh, here's a tooth that must come

"Eh, what!" I cried, springing from the chair. "No, no. Stop! stop!" "Oh, don't be scared; it won't kill

you!" said the merciless little man, regarding me with a contemptuous smile.

"I—I won't have it out. You want to lack me to pieces! You want to make a ruin of me!" I cried, indig-

The doctor sneered, and said, quietly,

but with an air of exasperating signifi-cance, as he turned away: "You needn't

get so excited, young man! You needn't have it done unless you choose,"

"What do you mean?" I asked, nervously, "What's the matter? Is the tooth decayed?"

"And then?"
"It will ulcerate, and you will proba-

Scared beyond expression at this alternative, I hesitated. The doctor saw

"It will only be for a moment," he said, picking up his forceps, and concealing them behind him as he advanced.

"No, no," I cried, with my knees knocking together; "that is—yes—or rather if it must be done; but—give me

chloroform-I might-I'm su' iect to

Then, in the midst of my terror, rec-

ollecting what all this sacrifice was for,

I cried feebly as the wretch fastened his

"About the invitation-what-what!"

"Ah," said the doctor, gathering all

I seized the arms of my chair. Nerved

the sweet thought of success, I sus-

"But," continued the doctor, coolly, I rose from the chair with a bound,

Defeated, humiliated, incensed, I

ushed from the office of the perfidious

little deutist. I cursed the stepmother; I vowed I wouldn't have her. I found means to give up the picnic. I even

tried to give up Jane, but all in vain

And so for three long, dreary months I racked my brain to devise some new

scheme to further my purpose. At length Fate came to my aid. One Sunday

afternoon I came out upon the church

steps to find Jane there, looking heav

enly in a new spring bonnet, and rain falling heavily. She gazed about in dis-

may as the people, one by one, departed,

and the sexton began shutting the doors.

It was then that, summoning up all my

resolution, I advanced, with my heart

"Yes," she replied, regarding me sus-

picously.

"If you will allow me—offer you—share of—umbrella," I gasped out.

"You are very kind—I don't know—I expected my brother, but—"

Meanwhile I had been opening my

umbrella, and now stepped alongside and offered my arm. With a coy and guarded air she took it. As she placed

her small, mitted hand in the crook of

my elbow. I felt a titillation that tingled

all through me to the very ends of my

toes. When we arrived at her house

rained so very hard that Jane had no al-

ternative but to ask me in. I needed

no second bidding. On entering the parlor, we found Mrs. Porter, a large

and imposing woman with manly air.

"This," said Jane, presenting me, "is Mr. Pettibone; he has been kind

enough to bring me home."
"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Porter, giving

me a searching look, and adding in

a condescending tone, "he is very good; pray, sir-r, be seated!"

She pronounced the short ceremonial

title with such a ponderous roll of the r

that it seemed a rather awful appella-tion, and I sat down with a quailed and

"I wasn't aware," she went on, "that

" I-I wasn't, but I-it rained so very

"I couldn't stay there all night, and

you were acquainted with my daughter."

nobody came for me. I am sure it was extremely kind of Mr. Pettibone, and I

am very much obliged to him whether he was acquainted with me or not," in-terposed Jane, sharply, drawing her

"I remarked," returned the latter lady, in a powerful baritone voice, "I

remarked, Miss Porter, that the gentle

man was very good; but," she added, with great emphasis and significance,

the question as to the propriety of re-

'If I am to be left to the mercy of

seiving such marked kindness from

enthroned in an easy chair.

guilty

in my mouth, and said:
"Miss Porter, I believe?"

and regarded him with an air of triumpl

and relief, "my daughter regrets that she will be unable to do so on account of

his little strength for the coming wrench, "Mrs. Porter is much obliged to you;

she accepts the invitation with pl

thined the ordeal like a hero.

horrid forceps on my beautiful tooth:

"No; but it soon will be!"

bly lose a piece of your jawbone."

his advantage and pursued it.

much of a root?"

hours more of rasping and gouging, cheered at the thought of my masterly

"Doctor—er—have you—er—a daugh
—that is—I have noticed a young lady
in your pew, and I—I thought perhaps
she might be a relative of yours?" No fleeting freaks of fushion Across her fancy run; Across her fancy run; She's never in a passion— Except a tender one. "Yes!" replied my tormentor, with a rising inflection, as he got out more

ion of success.

Her voice is low and cooling; She listens more than speaks; While others talk of doing, The duty near she seeks, cotton wool. "I was thinking—er—of getting up a —er—a little picnic; it is so desimble to

It may be but to burnish. The side-board's reastly plate, Or but with bread to furnish. The beggar at the gate, promote sociability among the young people of the church—I should like to I hesitated and blushed. The doctor

She sheds on lowly life. To fashion's fairest faces Prefer my dittle wife. sharpened his instrument and coughed dryly.
"My daughter knows too many young people, already. I—that is—her mother And though at her with pity The city dames may smile Who deem her hardly pretay And radiy out of style, does not approve of so much gadding."

"Of course we should need a matron, and I should be glad-er-highly hon-To me she seems a creature So musically sweet,

I wou'd not change one festure.

One curve from crown to feet. ored if Mrs. Porter would join us," I faltered with shameless hypocrisy.
"Thank you; I will inform them of the invitation," said the doctor, coldly, as he prepared to go to work. And if I could be hever Her lover and her mate, I think I d be forever The beggar at the gate.

PETTIBONE'S GOURTSHIP.

She isn't very pretty (So say my lady friends); She's milher wise nor witty With verbal odds and ends

I was first smitten with Jane at a concert. She was a tidy, black-eyed young woman in pink ribbons. I thought I had never beheld such a vision of purely mundane loveliness. Perhaps I never had—I was young then.
Attending her was a tall, lank young Attending her was a tall, lank youth with a freekled skin and red hair, against whom I conceived at once an invincible prejudice. I did not know the young man. Worse still, I did not know Jane, and worst of all, he did. I naturally hated him profoundly for this

advantage.

It will be unnecessary to relate the violent means I took to scrape an acquaintance, how I surreptitiously followed the pink ribbons home and stealthily read the name "Porter" on the door-plate; how I haunted the street in my Sunday-clothes till I made myself an object of suspicion to the police; how I discovered that her father was a dentist, and that she had a formidable step-mother; how I found out the church she attended, and hired a seat behind her; how I sent her valentines, left anonymous bouquets on the door-step, and all, alas! to an purpose. It is needless to describe my bitter but futile chagrin all this time at seeing the red-headed youth frequent the house on the most familiar terms : nothing cer-

tainly, but my native firmness of prin-

ciple saved him from assessination.

Driven at length to desperate straits, MINING CAMPS I resorted to a desperate expedient. I went to consult her father professional-cy. I entered his office with guilty misgivings. I trembled lest he should divine my real purpose. He was a thin little man with a weak voice and a hacking cough. None the less I regarded him with profound reverence. Nay, invested him with an air of distinction was not he the father of Jane? Indeed, I esteemed it an undeserved honor to be to remain in his presence, so long had I yearned to know somebody who belonged to her, my heart's idol. I may say, briefly, in passing, that I presently recovered from that yearning. But to return to the point, let me pre-mise that I had fine teeth. I had never felt a twinge of toothache in my life, but nevertheless, that cold, hard, re-morseless little—but no; I will not stigmatize him now, Poor wretch, his path was not of roses, and he has long since gone the way of all the living. Suffice it to say he examined my teeth; he punched and prodded with various tools; he filed to find a nerve; he failed to make me wince. I think he was very much disappointed; nevertheless he pr served an ominous silence. I consulted his face; he wore an inscrutable but determined expression. I asked him leebly if he found anything requiring attention. He uttered a vague and in

articulate exclamation and proceeded to set ferth a tray of diabolical-looking instruments; wrenches, gouges, vises, hooks, files, pinchers and scrapers, together with much cotton wool and cold vater, as though he expected a hemorrhage. My heart began to beat like a trip-hammer and my siomach felt as though it were sinking into a bottomless pit. I affected to laugh, while a clammy perspiration bedewed my forehead. "Ha! ha!" I cried hoarsely. "Why,

doctor, you look as though you-you were preparing for a campaign."

The doctor with a grim taciturnity went on with his preparations, during which every stired of courage cozed

rom my craven heart, "Do—do you find that there is much to be done?" I asked at length, huskily. "We shall see better, presently," he "We shall see better, presently," returned coldly, as he examined the point of a fiendish-looking instrument and waited for me to resume a recumbent position. I lay back submissively,

and he began to file away on a magnifi-I maintained my self-control by constantly repeating: "It is Jane's father, and, after all, what signifies one tooth?"

During a pause in his proceedings, while he stopped to rest his arms, I took advantage of the opportunity to make

a slight advance.
"Dr. Porter," I began, "you are ahem—haven't I seen you at the Rev. Dr. Longtext's church?"

Quite likely." "Very fine preacher, Mr. Longtext? I don't agree with you.

"Ah, indeed, that is—I meant to say it is pleasant to go there on account of "The choir is abominable." This was not encouraging. I subse-

quently learned that, having for many years been dragged to this church by his strong-minded wife, Dr. Porter held everything connected with it in detesta-After this rebuff I lay back again in

the operating-chair, seeing no other al-ternative. This time he began on the "What, another? Excuse me," I cried, struggling into a sitting posture. "Pray excuse me, but-er-do you think-is

coldly out of the window and made no I think," 1 continued, weakly, "I think that perhaps I won't have any-

strangers, I shall accept their kindness, and gratefully, too, "retorted Jane, shutif you had given use the opportunity, that your father and brother are both abeni, and you can hardly expect that I-'

"Oh, no; no, indeed; I never for a moment indulged in any such fond delu-sion," interrupted Jane in an ironical This little episode between Jane and

her step-mamma, seemingly so trivial, proved of the utmost importance to me. Driven to undertake my defense by the criticism of her imposing relative, Jane was led perversely to take an interest in me which I might otherwise have vainly striven to awaken, and I was rewarded on leaving with a cordial invitation to

I was not slow in availing myself of the privilege, but the first time I went, and while I was sitting in the parlor, with my heart all in a flutter, waiting Jane to come down, the door opened, and who should walk in but the redheaded youth. Here was a situation. He coolly stared at me. I fiercely glared at him. He took no notice of his, but threw himself familiarly into a chair and crossed his legs, as though he had come for the evening. This was more than I could stand. "Sir," I said, inflamed with wrath

and jealousy, "there is one too many of us here. I came on invitation; if you are going to stay, I will leave.' "Eh! Who the devil are you?" he exclaimed, with impudent sang froid. "I-I! No matter who I am, sir. We two cannot stay in this house to-gether, that's all!' I cried, starting

of nervous exhaustion, and my head feeling like a barrel; but, firm in my from my seat in a transport, purpose, the next day I repaired early to the doctor's office, supported against prospective torture by the inspiring vis-At this minute Jane came in. She shook hands cordially, smiled, and then, turning toward the red headed youth, said, "This is my brother, Mr. Petti-The doctor went silently and grimly on with his work, and finished with a second and a third tooth. But yet not a word of the invitation. Just as I was Mrs, Porter looked upon me from the first with a disapproval which rapidly ripened to aversion. As for me, I may as well be candid and say at once that I was afraid of her. And with a good upon the point of sounding him upon this subject he suddenly startled me to

cause; she was a woman born to rule, She held the little doctor and his auburn son completely under her thumb. Jane was the only member of the family who dared withstand her. It was, perhaps, the consciousness of my shrinking dread of her step-mother that made Jane more than usually gracious, and rendered my progress swift to a degree that proved to my conservative temperament somewhat bewildering. As my arder cooled before the prospect of a daily encounter with this family Gorgon, Jane became, in turn, more tender and encouraging. Indeed, in after years, when Mrs. Pettibone and I—at rare, very rare, intervals
—have indulged in little matual, mutual —let us say explanations—I have some-times timidly hinted in self-defense that she did the iion's share of the wooing; for which I have been instantly and per-

haps deservedly silenced by the unpal-atable avowal that she "had only married me to spite her step-mother. What good ground there was for these mutual accusations may be best gathered from a little conversation that took place between Jane and me one evening or the door-step, a conversation which, I may say, sealed my fate.

It was a bright moonlight evening. We were sitting in the shadow of the porch. I was absently holding Jane's Mr. Pettibone," she said, suddenly, "how long have we known each other?

"About three months, I believe,

"It seems ever so long, doesn't it?"
"Well, ye-es; it does." "It's because we've seen so much of each other."

naven't you?" I dropped Jane's hand with a discomfited feeling. She let it rest on my arm, and edged a little nearer.

"Why, yes; I never had a gentleman call so often—that is, not lately."
"I—I'm sorry," I faltered. "Is pose it must look rather particu "Eh! Why so?" I inquired, with rague feeling of alarm.
"Why, it might—that is, folks might

say that you-you almost must mean Jane's hand was again lying in mine, though I didn't put it there. "Mean-mean something?" I echoed. "Yes. Jane's head was now leaning on my shoulder. I don't know how it hap-pened. I only know I had not

"But I-I assure you I don't," I stammered, very much embarrassed.
"What's that?" cried Jane, sharply, sitting bolt upright and withdrawing he "That is, I should say-of course, I

There was now a long silence, during which Jane's head gradually sank to its former position. "You say, you-you do, Mr. Pettibone?

"Do-I beg pardon-do what-that is, Miss Porter?" "Do-mean-something," whispered Jane, encouragingly, from my shoulder Suddenly, as by an electric thrill, I found my tongue. The vision of the step-mother vanished. It all came out. I talked away wildly and incoherently. I have often and often since wondered at my own rashness, but the end of it all was I found myself helding Jane tightly about the waist, while her head reposed confidingly upon my bosom,

Ripe and Sweet. It will not take many years to bring one to the period of life when men, at east the majority of writing and talking men, do nothing but praise. Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. It is a fact that most writers, except sour and ansuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about a time when they are be ginning to g ow old. At 30 we are all trying to cut our names in big letiers upon the walls of this tenement of life; venty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

THE British custom of locking the doors of railway carriages has been defended on the ground that the safety of the passengers was thereby insured. This might be regarded as a wise precaution in the far West of America, where the eccentric train robber is in the habit of offering to trade a wild flight into the uncertain realms of eternity for a refusal on the part of the passenger to endow him with all the loose change he happens to have not left at home, but is staid old England the cus tom seems to be a useless and realldangerous one. Four railway com-panies in Scotland and three in England have abandoned it.

Wyrain the last fifty years there have "I was about to remark, Miss Porter. been more churches built and restored in England than during the whole time previously since the Anghean Reforma-

Carelessness of Lady Shoppers. In a Dundas street dry-goods store three ladies were purchasing goods side by side. One of them hung her um-brella by the handle on the edge of the counter and went to another part of the establishment. One of those who still remained laid her purse on the counter, and while making her purchases it was accidentally shoved into the folds of the upturned umbrella. When the clerk tore off his check and the lady reached for her pocket-book it was gone. She had just laid it upon the counter, and, of course, the lady who stood beside her must have taken it. Nothing could be clearer. In the excitement which followed the first-mentioned lady took pos-session of her umbrella and walked out of the store, totally ignorant of what was within it. A policeman was called, and, amid much indignation and grief on one side and blustering on the other, the innocent woman was conducted up stairs and searched. Of course the purse was not found and she was allowed to go. Now for the sensational part of the story. The umbrelia was taken over to a hotel, thrown into a buggy, taken home and laid away. A few days later the house was burned down, but the umbrella, among other things, was saved. A few weeks passed, and then one day it was hoisted and out fell the missing purse. The lady remembered the incident in the store, and on her next visit to the city brought back the money and had it restored to the owner. In the period which intervened the woman who had been wrongfully accused had visited the store daily for the purpose of ascertaining whether anyng had turned up to prove her inno-nce. The story is vouched for on the

best of authority, and it is literally true, -London (Canada) Free Press. Atheist Martyrs. A ridiculous paragraph is going the rounds of the press stating that Col. Ingersoll expects to be shot every time he goes on the platform by some religious fanatic. Oh, I shaw! Go right on with your lectures, Colonel; nobody is going to hurt you. Why, what harm have you done Christianity, that any Christian should want to shoot you? Go on with your lectures. You're a thousand times safer than any Christian was when the Bible-haters had the floor in the first and second centuries. That was the time when the live lions got fat on reigious lecturers, and they weren't atheist lecturers either. Don't be scared, Robert. It isn't your crowd that has been in the habit of furnishing martyrs. What a funny little book the lives and sufferings of all the men who have died for their devotion to atheism would make. It would be very brief. It would only read, "There sre no atheist martyrs." Ah, no. When they had a chance to be martyrs they hung on to life, and died natural deaths at the age of 90 or 97 or somewhere around there. And now, when martyrdom is altogether and entirely out of the fashion, it won't do for them to affect a fear and a willingness for it. "Honor bright," Colonel, "it will not do,"—Burlington Hawk-

Pay as You Go. No habit is more pernicious than that When once under of contracting debt. the influence of creditors, the obligation will weigh one down as a millstone, and it will require the greatest self-de "You've been here a great deal, nial and perseverance to get rid of the burden. It is not uncommon for inexperienced young people to live beyond

> In the hope of restoring fortune and credit, theft or forgery is committed. Such examples are daily chronicled as the cause of many suicides, and are shown in the numerous inmates of the State prison, whose careless habit o contracting debts was the first step to that disgraceful abode. Pay as you go. This is applicable to every station in life, to the rich, the poor, the ignor-

ant, the wise. A very striking illustration of the latter is afforded in Lord He possessed one of the greatest intellects ever created, yet he seemed to be naturally endowed with this weakness; and, though of splendid literary attainments, was always for the fault a needy man. At one time, so many and so pressing were the duns he received, that he yielded to temptation and was guilty of taking bribes; heafterward couessed, and was removed from his lofty

sition of Lord High Chancellor, degrad ed and humbled.

Bad debts scatter misery and desolaon; they transform palaces into hovels, and change rich garments into pitiable rags. The credit system tends to bankruptey and poverty. If you would have clear conscience and a happy heart,

The Original Penny.

The old, old penny in England, as in

ther countries, was of silver, and its

its history would rather astonish

appearance throughout the earliest time

those who know nothing of numismatic ore. From the Saxon times, in which it was the only piece of silver extant, till those of Edward I., it was stamped with a square cross. This enabled the coin to be readily broken into haives or quarters, which then served the purpose of half-pence or farthings. But the lat-ter coin was not much inferior to the value of the present English penny, in-asmuch as the unbroken piece was valued at one-thirtieth of a mark or threepence sterling. At this time five of them seem to have made a skilling, or shilling, so that the relations between what are now chief English silver and bronze coins have entirely altered in the ourse of six centuries. King Edward, who reformed the coinage, like every thing else, was the first to issue pennies without the indented cross; and, make up for the less of the que shaped half-pennies and farthings hi erto in use, supplemented the silver coinage with circular pieces, bearing the value and denomination. fixed the standard of the penny, more-over, by ordering that it should weigh thirty-two grains of well-grown wheat, or, which was a more accurate test, that

pay as you go.

Boston's Italians.

twenty pennies should weigh one ounce,

Boston has an Italian colony about 1,300 strong. There are few wealthy Italians there, but a large majority of em possess the comforts, and many curies, of life. In small houses ceated on narrow streets and alleys ich Brussels carpets and costly walnut furniture may be found. Paintings and engravings adorn the walls, and tasteful rticles of bijouterie abound. moral character slso is good. Their church is regularly attended by over 300 families, while the police declare them to be the most orderly class of the city's population.

Condition of the Peasants and Ex-

The incompletaness of a national reform is always proportioned to its vio-lence, and a few favorite abuses are wont to linger long after the rest have vanished. More especially is this the case with Russia. Nine-tenths of the abuses swept away by the great tide of reform that flowed unchecked from 1861 to 1870 affected not the buik of the Russian people, but merely the limited section of it compressed into the large towns. The popular belief that the Czar's decree of February, 1861, turned 23,000,000 slaves into freemen is a grievous error. All that it did was to substitute for the capricious tyranny of a master the organized tyranny of a system. In some respects, no doubt, the Russian "moujik" has profited by the change. He can no longer be securged, tortured or killed with impunity. His term of military service has been vastly abridged and lightened, and he has become, to some extent at least, a landholder and a citizen. But he is as far from being really free as in the savage old days when Russia was a wilderness infested with certain beasts of prey called nobles, who alternated between tearing each other and devouring the beasts of burden called peasants. He has been changed from a well fed slave to a half-starved freeman. Though no longer rooted like a tree to the soil on which he was born, he is so hampered by official restrictions on one side and adverse circumstances on the other as to have practically just as little freedom of action as ever. Thanks to his ill-judged haste in borrowing money to purchase land, his ignorance of farming and his utter want of thrift, he has passed from the power of a master, whose interest it was to take good care of him, only to fall into that of a rapacious usurer, whose interest it is to

the run of the prison court-yard. Such are the conditions under which 49,000,000 Russians-23,000,000 freed serfs and 26,000,000 free peasants-are now living and have been living for years past. Naturally sluggish and fatalistic, and hindered from seeking better fortune elsewhere, the monji makes no effort to devise a remedy for his troubles, but vegetates on his unproductive land in a state of helpless resignation, without fear and without hope. Moreover, to the evils of compulsory residence are not infrequently added those of compulsory migration. It is the greatest curse of despotism that, while resisting all moderate and rational changes, it is subject to a periodical mania for enfercing other changes of the most violent and abnormal kind, as if to assert its own superiority over the very laws of nature. When any district of the Russian empire seems too thinly peopled its rulers meet the difficulty by simply decanting so many souls from one province to another, wholly ignoring such trifles as difference of soil and climate, insufficient transport, physcal weakness, or want of supp travalar who has encountered one of thes dismal caravans on the great plains of Siberia or Central Asia will not easily forgot the sight. Men plodding through the burning sand with bare and bleeding feet; haggard, fever-stricken women toss ing restlessly among the sacks and chests of an unsheltered wagon, beneath a vertical sun; half-clad children, their eyes red and swollen from want of sleep, their lips cracked and blistered with thirst, their poor little faces black with dust and sand ilies, looking wistfully up as if wondering why no one tried to help and comfort them; worn-out sufferers dropping down on the march to die and buried in the drifting sand, only to to be dragged forth again and torn piece meal by vultures almost before comrades are out of sight, and all these horrors going on day after day, and week after week, through a journey of several

suck his blood to the last drop. In a word, his so-called "liberty" is merely

that of a convict who has been allowed

In a Hopeful Frame of Mind.

We regret to say that the bad feeling between Rev. Aminidab Bledgo, of the Austin Blue-Light Colored Tabernacle, and his wife has not diminished, but on the contrary, there is some talk of a

Uncle Mose met Mrs, Bledso on Aus-

tin avenue, and he remarked that she

"I allers feel happy when my hus-band is out hunting," responded Mrs.

was looking so happy.

"Bekase yer expects to hab a mess of partridges for supper?" asked Mose.
"No, sah; but bekase when he am out wid a gun dar's hopes he'll blow de top of his fool head off befoah he gets back." - Texas Siftings.

To Prevent Diphtheria.

To prevent diphtheria and finally exterminate it every man, woman and child throughout our land and the world should be brought to obey the laws of life and health. Parents should regularly feed, properly clothe and duly re-strain all children before they come to he years of understanding and accountability. This alone would do much. A late prominent physician of Paris esti-mated that 3,000 children had died in that city, during the thirty years of his practice there, from short sleeves, short pants and other kindred imprudence in he dressing of children. And I am fully convinced that so large a portion are sacrificed, in towns at least, in this country, from the same cause—all for a wicked fashion. And from careful obervation, in this country and abroad, I am confident that at least as many more are carried off by improper food and irregularity in taking it, together with oisonous candies and other unwhole-ome and indigestible trash that no child or other person should eat .- Dr. Edwin R. Maxson, in the Sanitarium.

One is tempted to say that the most human plants are the weeds. They are nature's makeshifts. Germs lie in the soil and resist the stimulating effect of the sun and the rain for years, and show no sign. Presently something whispers to them, "Arise, your chance has come; the coast is clear," and they are up and doing in a twinking. Weeds are the tramps of the vegetable

world. They go east, west, north and south; they walk, they fly, they swim, they steal a ride; they travel by rail, by

flood, by wind; they go under ground, across lots and by the highway. But weeds have this nature: They are not easily discouraged; they never lose heart entirely; they die game. If they cannot have the best, they will take up with the poorest; if they cannot lord it over a corn hill, they will ait humbly at its foot and accept what comes. In all cases they make the most of their oppor-

USEFUL HINTS:

It is a good rule to have nothing to do with a person or firm that, in an advertisement, proposes to give you more for a dollar than a dollar's worth.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin, as it will not scratch the tin and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a drypiece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

To REMOVE OLD PAINT.-Take salsoda, two pounds; lime, one-fourth pound; hot water, one gallon; agitate all together and apply to old paint while warm. The mixture will soon loosen the paint so that you can easily re-

The cracking of glue, which frequently occurs when glued objects become very dry or are subjected to the heat of a stove, it is said, may be prevented by the addition of chloride of calcium to the glue, which prevents its drying so completely as to become brittle. Glue thus treated will adhere to glass, metals, etc., and can be employed for affixing labels to bottles.

A LEIPZIG journal devoted to the glass interest states that the cracking of lamp chimneys may be prevented by placing them in a pot filled with cold water, adding a little cooking salt, and after the mixture has been allowed to boil well over a fire to have the articles cool slowly. Treated in this way glass will be found to resist cracking, even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature; and the chimneys become very durable by passing through such an operation. The process is, indeed, simply one of annealing, and it results that the slower the operation is carried on supposibility.

the operation is carried on, especially the cooling portion of it, the more ef-fective will be the work. To Repair Mosquirous, -Mr. Ivers W. Adams writes from Batuurst, N. B., to Forest and Atream, that he tried a dozen prescriptions for repelling mosquitoes, flies and similar pests, and found none of them effective until he came across the following, which are dead sure every time: Three ounces sweet oil, one ounce carbolic acid. Let it be thoroughly applied upon hands, face and all exposed parts (carefully avoiding the eyes) once every half hour, when the flies are troublesome, or for the first two or three days, until the skirl is filled with it, and after this its appliration will be necessary only occas ally. Another recipe, equally efficacious, is: Sx parts sweet oil, one part creosote, one part pennyroyal. Either of these is agreeable to use, and in no way injurious to the skin. We have both of these in our camp with us, and all flies keep a safe distance.

TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES -writer in an exchange says: "A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or 'clocks,' as they are called here), and I was recommended to try encamber peeling as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with green peal, cut not very thin from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous mixture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not so numerous-I should think not more than a fourth of the prenot discover one, but anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that at was covered with myriads of minute cockronches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the eel to lie till morning, and from that inoment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradi-cate the pest. Of course, it should be a

fresh cucumber every night. It does not exactly appear when the first use of tea was made, speaks of it as early as the third century. A legend rolates that a pions her mit who, in his watching and process had often been overtaken by that his eyelids closed, in he against the weakness of the em off and threw them on the A god, in admiration of the played, caused a tea shrub to from the spot, and decreed after the shape of the leaf sho the form of an eyelid bord fringy lashes, and that it shoul the virtue of hindering sleep after the year 600 that the use became general in China, and about the year 810 that it was introduced into

Japan. In 1644 it found its way to England. A CONDENSED explanation in regard to the needle pointing northward and south-ward is as follows: The magnetic poles of the earth do not coincide with the geographical poles. The axis of fota-tion makes an angle of about 23 degrees with a line joint to the former. The northern magnetic pole is at present near the Arctic circle on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not everywhere point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about 17 degrees to the east of north, and at Calais, Me., as much to the west. At the northern magnetic pole a balanced needle points with its north end downward in a plumb line. At San Francisco it dips about 63 degrees, and at the southern magnetic pole to the south, and points directly down. The action of the earth upon the me netic needle at its surface is of a magnet, forty inches long, strongly netized, at a distance of one foot, foregoing is the accepted explanati the fact that the needle points to northward and southward. Of cot no ultimate reason can be given for natural effect any more than of any er observed fact in nature.

A coverous man does nothing the should till be dies

CRACKED bell can never sound

A PERAMBULATING billy goat is a part of the trashy litter chewer of the day.

A CROOKED stick will throw a crooked

Missouri boasts of a raral citizen whose voice can be heard a mile and a

THE streams in Ohio are so low that milk-men all over the State are going

inte bankraptey .- M. Quad-

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE, 60 FRE-